

Now I had seen the glass fall; had seen a round, white, braced arm and a gloved hand stretched out to arrest, as it seemed to me, its descent. But, of course, it was all done in a moment; so rapidly, indeed, that there was scarcely time for the thing to impress itself upon my mind, and I was so startled and happened to be so far from the scene, that I could not even go to doubt whether I had really seen what I had seen. It was so much more as though I had imagined the thing than actually witnessed it.

However, that the accident had occurred, there could be no question. The gentleman upon whose cranium the glass had descended had been carried into the lobby. He could not be at home, if he could not be by the blow. A belief prevailed that his skull had been fractured. In any case, an ugly wound had been inflicted upon his head, which, by-the-way, was bald, except for a crescent-shaped fringe at the back, and a few scanty locks arranged over the crown. The blood had flowed freely, and falling upon his white cravat and coat, had rendered them all very really, altogether, a very shocking thing. There was no attending to the opera after it. The tragic matters happening upon the stage were quite quenched by this serious accident in the stalls. Who would now care about the *Comte di Luna's* beheading his long-lost brother, or *Asuna's* biting her accursed, O madame! O madame! The fate of our bald comrade-front. It was of more concern to us. I hastened to make inquiries as to how he fared.

He was not dead. So much was presently clear. In fact, he was gradually recovering consciousness. Some one was loosening his collar and tie, some one else was dabbing his wound with a wet cloth. He lay in a room, and I could not see him when the opera glass struck him, and he had fallen back as though he had been shot. But I distrusted this account after wards, when I ascertained that he had been seen to stoop forward and pick up the opera-glass, which, indeed he still held tightly in his hand. He was breathing heavily, rocking a little to and fro, and making a kind of incoherent, low, mumbled noise, purry of figure, with luxuriant whiskers that might owe something of their rich brown hue to get, linked together, as it were, by a branch line, knuckled running across his upper lip, and with a shaven chin such as, in deference to the peculiar and unpicturesque fancy of the commandant-in-Chief, has been for some time the vogue with the staff.

Still I was of opinion, though I hardly know on what grounds exactly, that the unfortunate man was not a member of the military service of my country. Then he

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

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started, lifted his head, and turned his eyes towards me. Immediately, but to my great surprise, I recognized him.

It was Stericker. I have said, advisedly, that he turned an eye towards me. His other eye was fast closed—somewhat, indeed, to have a look into his head. He moved a tremendous hand in my direction. He knew me, it seemed. He tried to speak; but it was some time before he could utter any intelligible sound. At last we discovered his meaning. He had lost something which he desired us, meaning myself and bystanders to search for.

Search was instituted accordingly. I left while a very few minutes had elapsed, but the thing was picked up—a glass eye, it was a new fact to me, though of

course it was not a convenient one for the Stericker wore or possessed a glass eye. I had never perceived any deficiency in his organ of sight, nor even suspected it. The glass eye had always seemed to me a genuine article, and I had even meant one that he could really see with.

He was gratified at the recovery of his glass eye. He was well enough now to dust it with his handkerchief, and—but I did not think it worth while to make a considerable difficulty to replace it in the socket it normally filled. Certainly the aspect of that portion of his visage was benefited by the more tenanted and furnished character of now. He took it from his pocket a minute mirror, not much larger than a crown piece, and gazed at the reflection it furnished of his artificial organ. He desired to see that it was properly adjusted, and he looked at it with a scrutinizing eye, with regard to his other features.

There was something very curious, I

his real eye scrutinized the sham one; while yet, as it seemed, the sham eye was of more importance to him, more cherished by him, than the real one.

But something else was missing. A shirt-stud. For this also diligent search was made, and again with success. It was found on the floor of the lobby—a curious looking stud: a pearl, I thought, in the first instance; but it was not a pearl exactly, no, nor a white cornelian, which was my second supposition. It was an oblong shape, milky white, and semi-transparent, in a handsome setting of brilliants.

Stericker expressed great satisfaction, if in a rather incoherent way, that the stud had been found. He clearly prized it—if not for its intrinsic worth, which, without doubt, he considered considerable, at least as I judge for some associations, possibly of a tender kind, connected with.

He was now so far recovered that he was left solely to my care. The opera was over. I forget whether there was or was not a ballet in those days, but I think not; in any case the theater was emptying fast. He sat for a few minutes longer, and then rose almost briskly and

"I'm glad you were here, old fellow. I don't know what I should have done without you. A strip or two of plaster over the wound, and I shall be able to get on again pretty well, I dare say. An chemist can manage that for me. And perhaps a glass of hot brandy and water would pull me together as much as anything."

"I was glad to find him equal to the proceeding. I had not ventured to hope for so rapid a recovery."

"Not but what it was a nasty shock to a fellow," he said.

"I quite agreed that it must have been a very nasty shock—a most unfortunate accident. At this he laughed very wildly.

"Whatever you call it, don't call it that," he said.

"You mean that it was not an accident?"

"It appeared that he did mean that."

"But I saw the glass fall," I said.

"You mean that you saw her throw it down?"

"Saw? Who?" I demanded, unconsciously adopting the interrogative of Hamlet.

"Arabella!"

I thought him wandering in his mind; I knew nothing of Arabella. I could not remember that I had ever encountered, out of works of fiction, any person so like her. I then began to ask myself what, after all, did I really know of Stericker himself? In truth, it was very little.

"It was Arabella's doing, of course," he continued. "I know that very well. I know the opera-glass, for the master of that I ought to. I gave it to her."

Where I had first met Stericker I am by no means clear. I am almost certain that I was never formally introduced to him. But I had seen him at various places upon numberless occasions, until I seemed to have acquired quite a habit of seeing him. So at last—the thing was becoming really absurd—there was no help for it but to recognize him as an acquaintance, at any rate. Finding each other on a busy city street, I was obliged to place, beneath the same roof, and even at the same table, what could we do, eventually, but laugh and nod, and say, "What—your here?" And then we shook hands.

Still I protest that I knew little of him beyond what he told me. But, then, what does one really know of any man beyond what he tells one of himself? I am not certain that I was not to be relied on. I did not, I may add, like Stericker; still less did I respect him; although I had perhaps no special reason for not respecting him, beyond mere prejudice of a fanciful kind. He was by no means, however, the man I should have selected for a friend, or even an acquaintance, had I been permitted me in the matter.

But it was not my intention to meet Stericker incessantly, and so it chanced that we came to be almost on terms of intimacy with each other. At least he came to be on terms of intimacy with me. And he called me "old fellow." I did not approve of this; indeed I thought it a liberty; but what could I do? I was not a child, and I was not so very old.

But no doubt I had a great deal of life when the question of age in its relation to one's self is rather to be avoided than discussed, lest there should arise a personal application which could hardly be otherwise than inconvenient.

And now had occurred this accident at the opera-house, confirming as it were my acquaintance with Stericker, and converting it almost into a friendship. I expressed great gratitude for the assistance I had rendered him, although, in truth, it had been little enough. But

[illegible]

When I first met him, he said, "I love her!" For that reason, then, but not for this? Have you ever been in love, old fellow?" he demanded, abruptly.

I said I thought I had. For I felt at the moment that it was not a thing a man could do without a woman, and he had objected to the question, and on that moment preferred to give a somewhat evasive answer. I did not wish painful memories to be awakened; they had been asleep and I did not wish to wake them.

"If you doubt about it, why, then, you never have," said Stericker, oracularly. "There can be no mistake about an attack of love any more than about a fit of gout. It is afflicted from time to time, and at my time I have had a good deal, and I have, in return, been loved very much indeed. I say it without vanity."

But he said it with vanity, and it was that that I objected. He outstretched his right arm, and I saw the white hair written band into view, and raised his hand to his head as though about to pass his fingers

invariable manner of the self-satisfied and vain-glorious. For the moment he had forgotten how bald he was! He had forgotten, too, the strip of plaster that cross-banded his crown! In discovering anew these infirmities he had evidently experienced considerable mortification.

I had heard Sterieker described as handsome, and I had formed my own opinion of him. No, he was never, he never could have been handsome. He was always well-dressed, although inclined to make an excessive, and, therefore, a rather vulgar, display of the jewelry he possessed. His teeth, it is true, were superb; but I was never quite convinced that they were the natural products of his own gums; and his nose was of that large, fleshy, Roman form which has always obtained, and will continue to obtain, the admiration of the world in general.

(My own nose, I may mention, is altogether of smaller dimensions, and of a totally different pattern.) Then he was very upright, carrying before him his protruding waistcoat with considerable dignity. More over, there was something imposing about his aspect and manner, arising, I think, from his imperturbable and deeply-rooted self-confidence, and his fixed resolution to

"If he possibly could, his own estimate of himself. Still there was something decidedly sinister about the expression of Stericker's face, and especially when he smiled. It was a singularly wicked smile that wrinkled his nose curiously, produced strange dents and a dark flush upon his forehead, and brought down the inner corners of his eyes, so that his eyes, after a decidedly ominous fashion.

"I have loved and been loved," he repeated, "and, I don't mind owning, I have in my time jilted and been jilted." He said this with a morbid Don Giovanni air, that I thought particularly objectionable.

"Arabella jilted me," he resumed, "and has never forgiven herself for it, nor me either. How fair the woman in those days! How fair for the fairer than she is! She uses more pearl powder now than she did then. Fair but false. Women are often that, you know. Shall I say always?"

I deprecated such an assertion. According to my experience, it was far too sweeping. He conceded that I was right, possibly. Yet it seemed to me that he de-

"You remember this stud?" He produced the tooth he had searched for at his request, and found in the lobby of the opera-house. "It would have pained me very much if I had lost it. I regard it as as precious relic. It belonged to Arabella's once. In fact—why should I disguise the truth from you?—that stud is formed out of one of Arabella's front teeth!"

His smile as he said this was not pleasant, and his manner of his confession had certainly startled me. There was something dreadful about it, and he had the air of an Indian brave exhibiting a scalp. He gloried in the possession of Arabella's front tooth! How had he obtained it? I ventured to demand. Was it a pledge of affection? Could they possibly have exchanged teeth as ordinary lovers exchange locks? Truly I knew that I was saying, or of what I was thinking.

"I was a dentist in those days," he said. "What he had been before that, and since what profession he followed at the moment of his addressing me, I really had no idea. "And Arabella was one of my patients. But she was no ordinary patient. She was something more, much more than that. That she was for awhile my affianced bride I loved her and she loved me—at least we thought that we loved each other."

"And you didn't?"

"Well, we didn't, as it happened, love each other quite as much as we thought we did. In fact, both were disappointed, and perhaps a trifle deceived. She thought I had money; I hadn't. I had been told that she was an heiress. Well, she was nothing of the kind. Still, I am a man of integrity, though you may not think it—I had promised marriage; I fully proposed to do as good as my word, and in terminating our engagement did not come from me. But Arabella's temper was imperfect; she was far from patient; she was ambitious, and, I must add, avaricious, and deceitful. She trusted with me. She still held me enchained, but she encouraged the addresses of another and a wealthier man. She designed to employ me as a surgeon, as a dental practitioner, and, of stimulating him to declare himself. Then I was to be flung aside as something worthless, because it had served her purpose, and was done with. In good time I discovered her treachery. I had intercepted her letters—no matter how—and I knew all. But of that she entertained no sort of suspicion. She was a very fond, fond woman for me, and false, and not a virtuous creature. It was maddening and artificial caresses. It was maddening. Well; she was, as I have said, my patient, and she suffered much from toothache."

"But surely you didn't"—
"Hear me out," he said, and he smiled.
I thought, horribly, "It was accident, of course, pure accident. I was dreadfully nervous. Was that surprising? I loved her, and she was amazingly beautiful. It was an accident, as I have said, or call it, if you will, an error of judgment, but nothing worse than that, as you value my friendship." He smiled again, and I did not value his friendship in the slightest degree, but I did not say so.

"That was your vengeance?" I interjected.

"No," she said so; but it wasn't true. I extracted, as I believed, the tooth she had pointed out, desiring me to extract it. Was it my fault that I was a perfectly sound tooth, and a front one, too? She said it was; but women, you know, are never right. I was a dentist then, with a reputation to lose; I was a lover then, though a deceived one. However, there was no pacifying Arabella. She was persuaded that I had done her purpose in the most violent. She had predetermined upon my extracting me, although she had not perhaps fixed upon the precise period for its occurrence. Well, she brought it on then. It was a awful scene. How she abused me! How she screamed! What hysterics she went into! However, the tooth was out, there

Here he smiled again, most malevolently, as it seemed to me.

"Her treachery towards me was punished, although, as I have stated, by pure accident or error of judgment, which you please. But Arabella vowed vengeance against me. In that respect I am bound to say she has been as good as her word: I no longer thank her that I am living to spend the rest of my life in flight."

"Then you really believe, that she let fall the opera-glass on purpose?"

"I am quite satisfied of it. She meant my death. She knew I was there. I had noticed her before leaning out of her box, and taking note of my position. I was just thinking of changing it, suspecting that what might happen, when I was struck down. Arabella is a woman who knows what she is about. She was always that sort of woman. I never knew her have good reason to. And it's not the first time she planned to punish me as savagely as she could. You did not know until to-night perhaps that one of my eyes was artificial? Not naturally you didn't.—Well, that was her doing."

"What! The artificial eye?"

"Don't be stupid," he said, rudely. "No doubt I have been rather obtuse; but I

"No," Stericker continued, "but I told her the necessity for wearing an artificial eye. It happened at the flower-show in the Botanical Gardens. There was a dense crowd, and I was in the front when the demonstration was exhibited. I told that I care about such things, but that so happened. A lady advanced with her parasol held in front of her. Suddenly she seemed to thrust it at me, as a lancer might his lance. Her aim was wonderfully true. The sight of my eye was gone forever. It was quite a mercy that the lady's parasol did not penetrate to my brain. That was a terrible thing, of course. Part of her was rebelling."

"And she said nothing?"

"She said calmly, 'I beg your pardon. It was an accident,' and passed on. She looked very handsome. She was superbly dressed. However, that she always is. Her husband is old, but amazingly rich."

He labors to gratify her slightest whim—so I'm told. But her only desire—the sole passion of her life—she cannot forget. I'll give the name of her front tooth. You see, she's reminded of that unhappy business every time she looks in the glass, which she does frequently, of course. She was always vain. And she means, sooner or later, to be the death of me, that's quite clear. She's made two very good attempts; at the Botanical Garden and, to-night, at the opera. The third time perhaps she'll succeed."

"But doesn't the thought horribly your?"

"I will accept my destiny," Stericker said, smiling, and with rather an affected air. "It would be wonderful to fall by the hand of such a woman; that would be my consolation; really a fine creature you know, although no longer in the bloom of youth; indeed, removed some distance now from the bloom of youth, but still grand and beautiful, and so resolute! I shall be glad to die at her hands."

"You love her still, then?"

"Well, not precisely. But I admire her, just as I admire the Bengal tigers in the Zoo. If possible, I should like Arabella to be caged like the tigers; but that can't be—well, I wear this stud as a memento of her, and for the rest, I take my chance. Now, what will you take, Arabella dear? No? Some more brandy and water?"

No. I would take nothing more. I had in point of fact, already taken more than was absolutely necessary to me. I let Stericker. I was much impressed by my experience of that night, by what had happened at the opera, and his extraordinary narrative touching the vengeance of Arabella. Was it true? I was really in a state of mind to determine. Even now I was a little shy of admitting a distinct conclusion of the subject. But I know that Stericker's face wore, to my thinking, a very remarkable expression as I quitted him. His smile was simply awful. And strange to say—at least, I think so, though it may not strike others as in that light—I never saw Stericker again. He died shortly afterwards, as related to me by a friend, in a very sudden street accident. He was knocked down and run over in Hyde Park, by a phaeton driven by a lady. There was, of course, an inquest upon his remains, the jury deciding, however, that he met his death by "misadventure." Some attempt had been made to hold the lady responsible, but the charge was with furious disregard thrown aside. But nothing of the kind was sustained before the coroner.

Various witnesses gave evidence.

quitting her of all blame in the matter. Her conduct in court was said to be most becoming. And it was reported that, attired in very deep mourning, she had followed Stericker's body to its last resting place in Exposition cemetery. Now, was this lady the Arabella of Stericker's story? She may have been. But I have no certain evidence of the fact. Nor, indeed have I anything further to communicate touching the life and death of my acquaintance Stericker.

Captive Among the Comanches.

A young Texan who was captured by the Comanche Indians about a year ago gave the following account of his experiences to a correspondent of the Galveston

It was trying to get five beef steers back to the herd early one morning last May when I was suddenly surrounded by about twenty-five Comanche Indians, and taken prisoner. This happened near sunrise, and I was taken to a place about thirty miles that day. At night we arrived at a sort of camp, where we joined fifty more Indians, and I found they had another white man prisoner. I was not allowed to appear before him, and I could see from the blood on his face and clothes that he was wounded. As soon as the Indians had kindled a fire and eaten some meat they began to torture this second prisoner, though I was not allowed to see him. They took him with a cartridge-box strap with a large buckle on the end of it, after stripping him of his clothes. They cut gashes on him with knives. They showed off his hands with the old carry-over and smashed his toes between a rock and the butt end of a carbine. After gouging out

sticking cactus thorus in his flesh, they poured powder in his ears and burnt it. All this time the man did not complain or cry out, as he probably expected by his fortitude to induce the Indians to spare his life. But in this he was mistaken, for, finding that he did not complain, and at all these tortures, began to cut pieces of his flesh out of his legs and arms, and then threatened to eat it— I think they only chewed up the flesh and spit it out. Seeing that all this torture did not make him cry out (for he had fainted), the chief stepped up with a sharp knife, and cut out one of his eyes, and put a live coal of fire in the socket, and then pushed an end to his life with a knife.

The Indians then had a grand dance. I was led to a small tree. I had no water or anything to eat. For forty-six hours. The day after tomorrow, the party moved in a northwest course, travelling about twenty miles; and after this they moved in a northwest course about three hundred miles, where we met several large parties of Indians, some of whom had been on raids in Northern Texas. We remained in that section of country with the Comanches, and was kept employed mostly herding ponies, and buffalo hides.

my clothes were taken from me, and I was left in a few days after I was captured and taken to the reservation. I had only a pair of drawers and a blanket. Afterward, I often had to eat raw venison, and buffalo meat without salt. After I had been with the Indians some six months they ceased to treat me as a prisoner, and I was allowed to go some distance from the camp. I think it was about the first of February I left them, and I was given a pair of horses and a herd of ponies, and was allowed to ride on one of the best without a saddle. The second night I took my buffalo-robe and used it as a saddle, filled a sack with dried meat, and struck for the settlements, which I reached toward the last of the month. I sold my horse and buffalo robe and collected three months' pay for the journey. I was then captured and sent to the new way of the Indians hereafter.

A Man in a Furnishing Store.
A chatty writer in the Boston Globe who has been shopping, says: "The strangest sight of all is to see a man enter a ladies' furnishing store to execute

carefully in at the door, treating as gingerly as though he expected to find innumerable babies lying around under foot and really looking more bewildered than he would if he had suddenly been transported to the moon. Standing stock-still in the center of the store he surveys each of the four corners, must sitir, then he if he had discovered the object for which he is searching, he stalks up to the hosiery department, slowly proceeds to pull from some hidden recess in his innermost coat a huge pocket-book, which he opens, takes out a letter, carefully unfolds it, deliberately reads through, then hunts through the pocket-book until he finds a little scrap of paper and scrutinizing the face of each lady clerk, finally selects one and informs her that she wants a "1—yard and, no (consulting the letter, two yards and a half of ribbon (reading from letter) 'er, two shades darker and a breadth wider than the sample." He is directed to the proper counter, and, after paying for his purchase, packs away ribbon, letter, pocket-book and scrutinizing once his rejecting, but very likely comes back the next day, for the return mail has brought him word that it was one shade darker and two breadths wider than Mary Jane wanted."

A French Suicide.

The last reported French suicide is sprightly. A young man went to a first class restaurant and ordered a big dinner for two, himself and a lady. He said the lady would come directly. The dinner was served and the lady came. He ate at the dinner for two with a good relish, and drank several bottles of wine, and enjoyed himself as much as a man can when he is hungry and has a double meal spread before him. But no lady appeared. When he had made a clean sweep of the festive board, he asked the waiter for pen, ink and paper, as he had a letter to write. Soon after the report of a pistol was heard and the waiter, entering the cabinet, found the young man lying on the sofa bleeding from a hole between his eyes. The lady did not come, and he could not wait for her any longer. He died. He was a young man of good position in his father's establishment, but no position in a celestial lady's heart, so he made an end of his disappointment.

Let it not be imagined that the life of good Christians must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloominess; for I only resigns some pleasures to enjoy others infinitely greater.

HELLISH HORRORS.
A Terrific Struggle with the Delirious
Tramways.
Cambridge City (Ind.) Tribune.
I had felt the tremors coming on for two or three days. I was just standing on the verge of a mighty precipice, unable to retrace my steps, and shuddering as I involuntarily leaned over and looked down into the vortex. That was to my wild and headstrong imagination the most terrible scene opened up before me, and as I looked down into that awful lake of fire I could see the lost wretches, and hear them howl in their awful orgies. The wails, the curses, and the awful and unearthly hal hal came fearfully clear and distinct from that horrid

got in that condition that my stomach would not bear one bite of food or drop of drink. I had been repelling from myself the thought of eating and drinking, and I drank, so that I was getting terribly weak and nervous. I went into the bar-room and asked for drink, and, as I tremblingly poured it out, a snake shot its head up and drank the liquid from my glass, and with glittering eye looked at me, licked out its forked red tongue and hissed in my face. I felt my blood run cold and curdle at my very heart. I left the glass untouched and walked out to the street. By a terrible effort I kept my will, to some extent, from shaking off the horrid phantom. I thought that if I could only get some stimulants to stay on my stomach I might escape the terrible torments that were gathering about me. And I did so. And the next night, touching the accursed staff again, could see the head of the same snake again, and hear ten thousand hisses all around me, and feel serpents crawling and

All this time I was burning and scorching to death for whisky. At that time I would have marched across a powder mine with a lighted match touched to it. I would have carelessly tossed it before exploding canons to get whisky.

But these snakes were a new torture to me. I feared them more than any or all other warnings that I had ever had; yes, my thirst was so intense and my sufferings so terrible that I resolved once more to try and get a drink of whisky, and see if it would not steady and strengthen me so that I could get home before I died for I felt death in all my tortured body and some invisible something told me that there was for me no escape from death. I walked into the saloon for whisky. I was afraid to touch the bottle, and stood back, while the bartender behind the bar poured out the damnation, and again that whisky turned to living, smoking snakes, and they crawled around the glass, and on the counter, hissing, writhing, and squirming. Then in one instant they all coiled about each other and, matted themselves into one snake with a hundred heads, and from every head a red, burning and glowing tongue hissed and gleamed at me. I rushed from the saloon and started. I did not know

care where, so that I might escape my tormentors. I had only rushed along a little way when a dog as large as a calf jumped up before me, and with raised bristles and shining teeth, plucked about my throat long enough to defend itself. Just as soon, I took the stick into my hand it turned to a snake. I could feel its slimy body writhe and squirm in my hand, and in trying to hold it up to keep it from biting me, every finger-nail curled like a knife into the palm of my hand, and the blood streamed down over the stick, which was now as hot as a red-hot iron. My hand is heavier compared to what I suffered at that time. At last I ran away, the accused thing from me, and ran a mile for life. I got to the Little Miami depot and took the cars. At the time I did not know where I was. I went about ten miles above Cincinnati and left the train. At times, for awhile, I could reason and tell myself up and down that I was wrong, that I was in a town where a young man lived who had been my companion and schoolmate in the city. I went to his

and told him my condition. He did everything that can be done for any one in that condition. But as night came on the tormentors returned in tens thousand billions of forms, and drove me raving mad. I was so hot, that I thought I should melt to the down. Just as soon as I touched the bed, I reached my hand over and touched a cold, dead corpse. The room lighted up with a thousand bright lights and the dead body now appeared to me like nothing that had ever been visible in human shape. It opened its glazed, dead eyes, and stared me full in the face. Then it came to its feet, and began to dance, and its wild eyes gleamed at me, while its whole form was full of passionate fierceness and frenzy.

I jumped from the bed, and as I hurried back from the loathsome monster, everything in my room turned to living devils. Chairs, stand, bed, and my very clothes took form, and became living demons that crawled and sat about me, some hissing and others cursing at me. Then as I turned to the door, I found in the corner a form larger and more sickening than all the others. Its appearance was more ghastly than any description I had ever read about witches and old hags. This mixture of devil and human marched right up to me with a face and look that will haunt me to my grave. It began to talk to me, and I was so dumb at the time talking to me, saying it would thrust its fingers through my ribs and drink my blood. Then it would stretch out its long, bony skeleton fingers, that looked like sharp knives, and ha! ha! Then it said it would sit upon me and press me into hell. That it would roast me with embers and dash my entrails into my eyes, and then it would turn me, and, ha! ha! What seemed to me an age, I fought this unearthly thing. At last it said, "I will go," and when I did it glided to the door, and giving me one deadly look, said, "I will soon be back with all the legions of hell, and then I will be the destruction of you; you shall not be alive one hour more." I left my room and watched the street all night long, and saw nothing but a million of my foot on a dead body. The whole street and pavement was covered with men, women and children, lying dead close together, with their cold, pale, white faces turned up to heaven. Some looked like they were sleeping, while others seemed to have died in awful agony, and their faces presented horrible features. Others came in and burst from their heads and hanging out on their faces. And when I would step on them they would come to life, and with their bloody eyeballs glaring at me, raise up to my face

and curse me. I could not move without placing my feet on dead bodies, and when I would step on a dead baby it would open its eyes and cry; then the dead mother would raise up and pronounce a curse upon me for trampling under foot her babe. I would curse the dead mother, and, with horrid oaths, curse me for disturbing the dead. I would tremble and beg and try to find some place to put my feet, but the dead were in heaps, and covered all the ground so that I could neither walk nor stand without putting my feet on a dead body. I would stop and pant for breath, and then I could feel the dead mother's arms about my neck, and raise up, throw its arms about me, and curse me for trampling on it. It was in

Having Moral Courage.
Moral courage is a big thing. All the good papers advise everybody to have moral courage. All the almanacs remind you of it about moral courage.
"Flax," the moral courage man, owes a debt while you have the money in your pocket," is one of the moral paragraphs.
Mr. Mower read this once, and determined to set upon it. One day his wife had a headache and he had been two years saving, and asked him to bring her up a parasol and a pair of gaiters. On the way down he met a creditor and had the courage to pay him. Returning home he found a letter with the pet names, as "fool," "idiot," etc., and then struck him four times in the pit of the stomach with a flat-iron. After that he didn't have as much moral courage as he would in a leaning post for a sick grandmother, and his wife didn't forgive him for thirteen years.

"Mr. Hangmeyer, when I was up town to-day I heard Baker say you were a regular old beige-boy with a tin ear."

"What?" roared the old giant.

"And Clever said that you were meaner than a dead hog rolled in tanbark," continued the truthful lad.

"You imp—you little villain!" yelled the old man.

"And Kingsten said that you were a bold-headed, cross-eyed, cheating, lying, stealing old skunk under the hen-coop!" added the boy.

Then old Mr. Hangmeyer fell upon the youthful Peter, and he mopped the floor with his knuckles till his heels against the wall, tore his collar off, and put his shoulder out of joint, all because the boy had the moral courage to tell the truth.

And there was young Towboy—it was the same way with him. He had the moral courage to go over to an old maid and say:

"Miss Falseair, father says he used

"He did, eh?" mused the ohh maid, rising up on her chair.

"Yes, and mother says it's a burnin' shame that you call yourself twenty-four when you are forty-seven, and she says your hair dye costs more than our wood," said that, did she?" murmured the female.

"Yes, and sister Jane says that if she had such a big mouth, such frookies, such big feet, and such silly ways, she'd was the lightning to strike her!"

And then the old maid picked up the rolling-pin and sought the house in which Towboy resided, and knocked down and dragged out until it was a heap of ruins. Towboy's father mauled him, his mother pounded him, and his sister deaude him of hair—all because he had moral courage in his daily life.

BIRTH AT NEAL TIME.

Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at the table, just as the harp comes with a little strolling.

it may be of humorous things, anecdotes and jokes—will often stimulate the joyous elements of the mind and cause it to see vigorously and healthfully. Try and avoid going to the table all tired out. Let all troublesome topics be avoided. Let aches, pains, and funerals not be introduced. Don't get into domestic. Don't discipline children. Think and say something pleasant. Cultivate mirth and laugh when anything witty is said. If possible, never eat alone. Invite a friend of whom you are fond, and try and have a good time. Friendship and friendly intercourse at the table promotes the flow of animal spirits and aids digestion. Don't get into a quarrel, munching his meal in a dogged temper. He will become dyspeptic. Never bring a corroding growl or complaint to the table. Is the pudding too salt? Was the bread burnt? Do not mention it—especially at the table. Let that pass, though you need not eat that which may not be palatable or healthful, but politely decline it. He who brings the most happiness to the table is the best citizen.—*Science of Health*

An Iowa minister paused in his sermon and said: "Girls, you may laugh and giggle and giggle and laugh, but when you are on your dym' beds you'll remember this one afternoon and wish you'd have out your right hands off first."

Don't trust a man unless you can see his face. A Kentucky farmer went to dinner leaving the hired man in the barn singing "My soul yearns to be free," and in less than half an hour the man and \$200 mule were missing.

The Girl of the Period, in her new wardrobe with long hanging sleeves and sides like wings, bunched-up arrangement behind like a tail, and general brilliant appearance which she brings the most happiness to the table is the best citizen.—*Science of Health*

Some humans are like steamships plowing the waves of life; but the masses are only barges, with no engines on board, and only move when drawn about by those which have.

A candidate for office in Mississippi made known his determination to run in the following card: "At the earnest solicitation of my wife and children I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

What State is round on both ends and high in the middle? Ohio.